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DON'T LAY UP REPENTANCE!

The books are ready for subscription to the World's Fair. If the business men of New York City do not promptly avail themselves of them it will be decidedly derogatory to their character as business men and as citizens. They will lay up repentance for themselves.

Energy and enthusiasm count so much for the success of the Fair that Congress might well hesitate about determining on the most desirable spot in the country for it if the citizens of that place showed indifference or sluggish business instincts in regard to a scheme whose success is so conditioned by energy and business capacity.

Hitherto it seems open to censure by too leisurely a performance of their duty. Yet the wish to secure the most effective plan for promptly securing the money may be pleaded as excuse for them.

What can be said if now the business men of New York are lagging with their subscriptions? Nothing but what is reprehensible. For them not to contribute is ignominy, and not to contribute promptly is stupidity. Quick action is the only thing now. A week should be ample time to secure the whole subscription.

A WISE INSANITY.

A man forty-six years of age, vexed with a sister who refused to give him money belonging to their father which she had control of, clutched her by the throat, hurled her to the floor and discharged every barrel of a six-shooter upon her. Happily, only two bullets struck the unfortunate woman.

The brute on Monday last threatened to kill his sister if she did not give him the money. A woman friend reproached him for such a threat and said: "You'll hang if you kill anybody." "Oh, they're not hanging crazy people now, and I'm crazy," he replied.

I had a clipping of the *Mellvaine* murder trial, in which insanity is the defense in his pocket. If the poor woman dies this would be lunatic will find that even the dullest of juries won't regard insanity that coolly bargains on its unaccountability for misdeeds as a very great insanity. This worthy man is a fool, not a lunatic, and folly does not save a murderer's neck from the hemp.

SPOTLETS.

Canada rivals us in a new field. Her Governor-General taught a Sunday-school in Manitoba last Sunday. Gen. Harrison must distribute some more of his Cabinet.

Walter Haynes, of Webster, Mass., a giddy 100-year-old boy, insisted on shaving himself and "arranging" his features before telling a photographer to "be away."

A Willow Springs girl has the popular heart of that city just now. She cowdled both the man who insulted her and the Justice who arrested her for it.

There were strange signs in the skies yesterday. At Ithaca, N. Y., and at Pittsfield, Mass., rainbows were seen in cloudless heavens.

Col. Babcock, of Chicago, had conscientious scruples about having a Congressman in his family. His daughter didn't share them and eloped with Congressman Taylor.

In courtship's days I used to think her sweetest of all kisses. And that her darling little mouth mysteriously framed for mine.

But after marriage I soon found when conversation holding. Her mouth was formed for something else; To wit, for vigorous scolding.

A groan in time saved an Ottawa man from burial alive. He uttered it just as his casket was being lowered to the grave.

The rising generation is full of surprises for its elders. A class of boys in a Massachusetts Sunday-school withdrew because its appointed teacher was a "scab" workman.

An Indiana widower, for demonstrating too soon his belief that marriage was a success, was hanged in effigy. He married again two weeks after his first wife's death.

Byrne's Brooklyn Bridgrooms continue to show the force of alliteration when combined with good baseball.

General Butler adopts a unique method of advertising his memoirs. He proposes to tell the truth in them.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

The changes have begun in the office of United States District-Attorney Mitchell. Assistant District-Attorney Macgregor has resigned.

Wm. N. Hoag is thought by the Republicans of the Murray Hill District to be a fit successor to the unfortunate Robert Jay Hamilton and will be nominated by them for the Assembly. They will also nominate Alderman Geo. B. Morris.

Wm. M. Lawrence, son of Supreme Court Justice Abraham Lawrence, is expected, will be the Union Democratic nominee for Assembly in the Republican Eleventh District. If any Democrat can win in that stronghold of the opposition it is thought that Mr. Lawrence is the man.

Judge Peter Mitchell has been nominated by Tammany Hall for Justice of the First Judicial Circuit Court to fill the four years of the late Judge Michael Norton's unexpired term. He has held the position by appointment of Gov. Hill since Judge Norton's death.

John J. O'Brien, the "chief" of a big band of faithful followers in the Eighth Assembly District, has had a brilliant idea. He has started a citizens' movement in his bailiwick, and the mass-meeting which will assemble in Walla hall will demand the re-nomination of Assemblyman "Silver Dollar" Smith and Alderman Christiana Goetz, both of whom have been indicted for vote buying.

Police Commissioner Voorhis, the County Democracy, and John W. Jacobus, the Republican leader in the Ninth Assembly District, are both opposed to the hybrid anti-Tammany ticket.

A combination ticket was never defeated by Tammany Hall, but Chamberlain Clarke hopes to make this statement a lie next month.

Tammany Hall will rally with a grand demonstration in and about the Wigwag on the night of Oct. 31.

GUN AND GAME BAG.

"The Evening World" Hunting Story Contest Becoming Very Exciting.

Amateur Hunters Recite Their Experiences in the Chase.

Hunting in the Ramapo Mountains.

It was a frosty morning in the Fall of '83 that with three companions we started with our four dogs and guns for the haunts of the feathered beauties that dwell in the romantic region of the Ramapo Mountains.

We shortly came to a path of ragged where one of the dogs suddenly threw up his head and otherwise showed signs that game was near. The other dogs immediately joined in with him and soon all four were working on hot scent.

We followed cautiously and came to a field of buckwheat stubble. Now the dogs are all excited, trailing close to the ground and falling like tripping stones. Now they are straining. "Whoa, whoa!" and all of them are standing like statues on as pretty a point as a hunter would wish to see.

We advance a few steps and up goes the game, a large bevy of quail, and as the crack of our guns rings out on the frosty morning air, seven dead and wounded "hol-whites" lie upon the stubble. We continue our hunt, and at noon, on our return, we find we have bagged forty-three quail, two rabbits, five partridges and three woodcocks.

The Scared Bear.

Occasionally you hear of women as expert hunters. In a small Pennsylvania village lives a lass just turned twenty-one, possessing a great admiration for hunting. Unfortunately she lately her weapon was an old Revolutionary musket. Notwithstanding this she bagged lots of small game.

Thanksgiving Day was near, and Nance decided to capture a turkey for the feast. Her brother had returned from the West and presented her with a double-barreled break-loader. She was overjoyed. Here was a chance for the new gun. It was a cold day and turkeys were scarce. One, however, was secured.

Twilight approaching she started homeward. At the entrance to the woods a rattle was heard in the bushes. Looking around she observed an object resembling a bear. Fear seemed impossible. The animal moved. Dropping her game she fired both barrels at the den of the rattle.

When the smoke cleared away a man was observed approaching. A second glance revealed another man. "Nance," said he, "it was lucky I ran when you dropped the turkey."

He had thrown an old bearskin rug over his shoulders intending to frighten her. He is now of the opinion that Nance has nerve enough to hunt in the jungles of Africa.

A Sullivan County Hunter's Experience.

A few years ago my father and I went up to Sullivan County, N. Y., taking with us our dog Prince, a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, a revolver, a hunting knife and our fishing lines. It was early autumn, and while traveling over the hills near the Delaware the dog struck a few of the natives.

We followed him and before we left the woods we killed fourteen rattlesnakes. The oldest was about six years and had twenty-three rattles. The youngest snake was eleven years old. The dog would bark at them, but was afraid to go near them.

That same day we tracked a deer and killed him near Black Lake. We also killed a small black bear in the woods just above the lake. Near the Kelly farm on miles north of Lusten, we shot two large turkeys, a pair of geese and ten pheasants. We traveled as far north as White Lake, stopping at Gillespie's for refreshments.

We reached Lackawanna at 7 o'clock in the evening, having started out at 9 o'clock in the morning and tramped over twenty-five miles. This I considered a good day's sport.

A Lion's Suicidal Leap.

A Lieutenant and six privates determined to go hunting. The officer in command and giving them three days' leave. They immediately started, taking with them two covered wagons, four horses and six muskets.

Having traveled about fifty miles, they resolved to encamp for the night and start to hunt at daybreak. My friend was loaded as sentinel for the first five hours, the others going to sleep in the wagons.

His watch had almost expired when he heard a noise and became restless. He looked for the cause of his alarm, when he heard a terrible roar, and turning saw a lion about to spring upon him. He was not more than ten feet away from him. He became paralyzed with fear, and unconsciously held his gun in position as if to charge the enemy.

In another second the lion was dazing through the air. My friend heard an agonizing howl, and fell unconscious to the ground.

When he awoke the party, and there before him lay a dead lion, with a bayonet jammed down his throat. In their hurry to start they forgot to take the bayonets off their guns, and through their neglect my friend's life was saved.

FRED WALSH.
230 Park Avenue, Hoboken, N. J.

The Dog Killed the Moose.

Some years ago I visited friends in Maine who lived on the border of a forest. I desired much to return to New York with an Antelope, cat and had been lucky enough to locate a lair in which were five kittens.

I had two dogs. A mongrel cur, first-class on the scent but a coward at the fight. The other was a good dog.

For some reason, I could never tell why, but the day I went to take my kittens I took only the mongrel dog along.

On hearing the air I noticed my mongrel running back toward me, pursued by an immense moose. I fired, slightly wounding him on recovering he attacked me savagely, and the next twenty minutes I fought with death.

As the moose got his foot on my chest something sprang through the air and grasped him by the throat.

The next half-hour, while I lay exhausted, a terrific struggle ensued.

When I recovered I found the moose in large quantities. I recovered it and carried it home.

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NERVOUS HEADACHES.

How to Perfectly Cure Them.

Headache is a most common and troublesome affection. In many cases pain will be in the forehead over and between the eyes, while in other cases it will be a dull, heavy and oppressive aching. Often the pain will be in one or both temples, attended at times with a throbbing which the slightest movement aggravates. The affected portion is of the nervous system, restored to its normal condition by the use of Dr. Green's Nervine, which can be obtained at the druggists for \$1 per bottle. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Many persons who suffer from headache have, by repeated failure to find relief, despaired of cure. To such we would say, by all means secure a bottle of this wonderful remedy, and you will be surprised and pleased at its prompt effect. It is the most perfect cure known for headache.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE CURE FOR HEADACHES.

I think Dr. Green's Nervine is the best known remedy for neuralgia and sick headache, and recommend it to all.

MARY M. DUNLAP.
West Haverstrat, N. Y.

Dr. Green, the specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 30 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

23d STREET LE BOUTILLIER BROS.

INDUCEMENTS IN
Ladies' Jackets, Wraps
and Newmarkets.

INDUCEMENT NO. 1 AT \$14.50.
All-wool hair Stripe Glace
Cloth Newmarkets, with
directoire fronts, worth
\$18.75.

INDUCEMENT NO. 2 AT \$33.00.
Elegant Silk Matelasse
Newmarkets, rich quilted
satin lining, value \$42.00.

INDUCEMENT NO. 3 AT \$16.75.
Very fine English Seal
Plush Jackets, with seal orna-
ments, finest Surah lining,
worth \$23.50.

INDUCEMENT NO. 4 AT \$42.00.
Fine quality English Seal
Plush Newmarkets, rich
satin lining and seal orna-
ments, worth \$55.00.

INDUCEMENT NO. 5 AT \$12.75.
All-wool Chevron (Cheviot
effect) Jackets, with vest
fronts, worth \$16.50.

INDUCEMENT NO. 6 AT \$24.75.
Fine Broadcloth Newmar-
kets, with handsome quilted
satin lining, worth \$35.00.

INDUCEMENT NO. 7 AT \$17.50.
Handsomely braided im-
ported Wraps, worth \$25.00.

48, 50 & 52 West 23d St.

Both in Need of English.
(From Judge.)
"That ain't no way to make that shot. Slip on a little English and let her carry."

"Thanks—ah—don't you think you might slip a little English on your conversation?"

People Read About.
(From Judge.)
"Who are the brilliantly dressed military men on the opposite side of the room?" she asked at the hall.

Those are some of our glittering generalities," replied the editorial escort.

Very Singular.
(From Judge.)
A.—Do you know that Jones is going to marry Miss Dunesworth?

B.—Yes, so I hear. What surprises me is that such an intelligent girl would ever have anything to do with the man who is so stupid as to want to make her his wife.

INFANTILE FETTERS AND SPURS ARE NOT POSSIBLE WHILE MOTHER'S TENDERING CORDIAL CAN BE HAD.

\$50 GOLD WATCH \$50
FOR \$38.
One Dollar Weekly.

Having the advantage of ample capital and special trade facilities for purchasing watches in large quantities we can afford to offer at the above price and terms as elegant engraved hunting-cases, steel-winding gold watches, with the world-renowned Waltham, Elgin or other reliable American movements. The day terms and good value offered should be a sufficient inducement for every gentleman and lady to equip themselves with a handsome, durable and reliable timekeeper at such a low price. We expect on our stock is selected, or on receipt of postal card sent will call with samples.

The latest time in purses is a long, narrow bag of crocodile leather, finished with a silver list.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.
Humorous red wine is used as a hair wash to make blonded tresses copper brown.

Old-fashioned chamber candlesticks and all-night lanterns of blackened iron and mock jewels figure as wedding presents, and the replies of snufflers and trays of the time of Queen Anne are more costly than solid silver of more modern design.

Quaint salt-cellars are the rage. There are small sets with fine holes in the head through which the condiments fall, chickens fresh from the shell for supper, and in a crust baked three ducklings are grouped as though about to devour their own winged young.

The most whimsical fancy represents a tooth, jealously called toothsome, but which in reality is far from appetizing.

In many of the leading crockery shops the customer may have his initial etched in all the wine and water glasses and punch cups he desires.

The latest time in purses is a long, narrow bag of crocodile leather, finished with a silver list.

The Reviving Effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla on people who have been all run down is really remarkable. It completely overcomes "That Tired Feeling," cures sick headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE MUTUAL WATCH COMPANY,
100 BROADWAY, N. Y.

E. RIDLEY & SONS,

GRAND ST., N. Y.
Covering Entire Block,
From Allen to Orchard St.

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Covering Entire Block,
From Allen to Orchard St.

FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.

Special Lots.

Low Prices.

Men's Furnishings.

Men's Extra Heavy Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers. The Shirts are Double Breasted and Back at 88c. each.

Men's All-Wool Cashmere Half Hose, Seamless, Navy, Seal, Gray and Tan, at 17c. pair.

Extra Heavy Gray Wool and Merino Half Hose, Seamless, 15c. pair.

Men's Shirts.

Men's Unlaundered Shirts, bodies of genuine Ulster nonpareil muslin, 3-ply linen bosoms and bands, reinforced fronts, with all the improvements, at 49c. each; real value, 65c.

50 dozen Men's White Muslin Night Shirts, with fast colors, woven trimmings, at 49c. each; full and long.

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,
309, 311, 313½ to 321 Grand St.,
50 to 68 ALLEN, 50 to 65 ORCHARD ST.,
NEW YORK.

HOSIERY.

Ladies' and Misses'.
MISSSES' BLACK CASHMERE HOSE.
AN ESPECIALLY GOOD LOT.

5 to 6 1/2 7 to 8 1/2
17c. PAIR. 19c. PAIR.

1,000 dozen Ladies' Wool and Cashmere Hose, some ribbed, others plain, some black, others colored, all with full regular made feet.

AT 25c. PAIR.

UNUSUALLY GOOD VALUE.

LARGE PURCHASE

On favorable terms. Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Cashmere Vests, high neck and long sleeves, white, cardinal, pink and light blue; sizes 2, 3 and 4, at 74c. each.

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,
309, 311, 313½ to 321 Grand St.,
50 to 68 ALLEN, 50 to 65 ORCHARD ST.,
NEW YORK.

Bloomingdale S

3d AVE. AND 59TH ST.

SPECIAL SALE
DRAPERY NET.

2,000 yards Drapery Net in
BLACK, CREAM and all
LEADING AUTUMN
SHADES.

48 In. Wide,
All Silk,
Polka Dots and Stripes,
FORMER PRICE \$11.15.

AT 48c. PER YARD.

Bloomingdale Bros.,
3d Ave. and 59th St.

IMPORTANT
SPECIAL SALE
CARPETS.

BODY BRUSSELS,
At \$1.00 per yard.

For style and quality the
best value offered this season;
numerous patterns,
with wide borders to match.

BEST ALL-WOOL INGRAINS,
At 65c. per yard.

In Oriental designs and
colors, SOME PATTERNS
we offer at 55 cents.

WILTON VELVETS,
At \$1.00 per yard,

With wide borders to match,
50 PATTERNS to select
from. These ever-popular
carpets furnish as richly as
Moquettes and cost no more
than prices usually paid for
a Tapestry Brussels.

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,
At 65c. per yard.

Exclusively the best quality;
reduced from 90 cents, every
pattern new this season.

This Special Sale gives the
opportunity to purchase
popular and reliable car-
pets at little more than ac-
tual cost of manufacture.

John & James Dobson,
MANUFACTURERS,
40 & 42 West 14th St.

A Desperate Man.
(From Judge.)
Bagley had called on fifteen landlords, all of whom objected to leasing him their houses because he had children. At last he became desperate and resolved to have a house at any cost.

"I guess I'll take this place."
"Pardon me, sir," said the landlord, "but have you any children?"

"Yes," sighed Bagley; "but I'll kill them."

For the Safety of the Public.
(From Judge.)
Manley—I wish young Gibbon could break himself of that silly habit of sucking his cane.

Carper—Why? It's impossible for him to stick in any body's eye while he's doing that!

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EHRICH BROS.